

This is the anniversary of the death, in 1821, of Napoleon on St. Helena. The great emperor died of cancer on the lonely island, whither he had been sent an exile after his defeat at Waterloo by the Duke of Wellington.

The Washington Times Magazine Page

For some time the more rapid motion of the earth, in its smaller orbit, has caused Jupiter to appear to move westward among the stars. But this effect, owing to the curving away of the earth, ceases tomorrow.

Sitting in Church With PERSISTENT NUDGER

At last they were comfortably seated. The whispered conversation hushed as the great pipe organ swelled out the voluminous music. The "visiting country relative" sat in rapt attention, hungrily drinking in each note. To her it was wonderful. Her eyes took in the beauty of the great building's interior, the massive pillars and arches, the long rows of seats filled to overflowing with people, the tall ushers silently moving back and forth and the wonderful pipe organ which filled the whole back end of the church.

The minister arose to speak. The visiting country relative had read much about this famous minister and now was actually going to hear him. She was going to make the most of this opportunity and enjoy every moment of this learned man's talk.

Like 3 A. M. Phonograph

As a rule the mellow notes of a phonograph echoing through the courtyard of an apartment house at any hour after midnight are greeted with raps on the pipes, slamming windows, cills and neighbors' wicked thoughts. In fact, it may be safely said that there is only one apartment house in the whole of New York city where the music of a phonograph after the zero hour is greeted with sighs of relief.

On the sixth floor of this particular abode there lives a family of three, including a bouncing baby boy with lungs which, say the neighbors, are way out of proportion to the size of the child. Without fail, every morning at about 3 o'clock the little fellow, now seven months old, feels inclined to test his voice. After trying everything to convince the youngsters that it was absurd to make such a racket at that early hour, the fond father struck upon a startling discovery—the child had an ear for music.

Turning on the phonograph and playing the latest jazz record the father found that the baby would immediately cease crying, take a few short gulps and then return to dreamland.

So now the weary business man on the floor above rolls over with a "Thank heaven" when he hears a jazz record turned on at 3 a. m.

Author Is Scholar

How many people know that Lewis Carroll, the famous author of "Alice in Wonderland," was an eminent Oxford scholar, who wrote an "Elementary Treatise on Determinants"? His real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.

The Woman Observer

WHY HE MARRIED HER.

WONDER why he married her? Her? and the Beauty regarded her own indolent, expensive loveliness in the mirror across the studio tea table.

The Woman was inclined to wonder also, thinking of the Surgeon's plain, reserved, dowdy little bride, whom the group of friends had just seen for the first time, and of the brilliant, magnetic Surgeon, until last summer devoted to the Beauty.

Then the Explorer, who had been the Beauty's husband for a few months, surprised us with one of his infrequent and unadorned narratives.

"Volunteer nurse—one of four in a mission hospital—the farthest north—fishing season over—fishing schooners all returned to Newfoundland—hospital ready to close for the winter—mail steamer due to make her last call that day—no other way for the nurses to get back to civilization in six months—steamer in sight when ten 'livey'ers with typhoid brought to the hospital—other nurses refused to miss the boat—she refused to abandon the sick—was left alone—every reason to believe until the mail steamer should return in the spring.

"Surgeon had been taking his vacation operating on children for the mission doctor—heard about her when he boarded the boat himself—several days later—intercepted my yacht and me—you know, I'd been prowling all summer as far north as I could get—browbeat me into crowding canvas two hundred miles back up that wild coast—five days she had cared for those men—no help except from the one that could just get around—saved all those lives. Surgeon fell for her immediately. Most fearless, most capable, most unselfish woman in the north."

With a glance full of humor at her own indolent, expensive loveliness in the mirror across the tea table, but with a catch in her voice, the Beauty said: "I wonder you didn't marry her."

Business Poor Since War

"Gee whiz. You was a soldier, wasn't you?" asked Jimmie, the bootblack, as he got out his round box of paste and the necessary brushes and cloths. "I knew that by the button you're wearin' there. But, say mister, there's somethin' I would like to know from one of you fellers."

"Shoot ahead," said the ex-serviceman.

"Why," began Jimmie, applying the polish, "why ain't our business as good as it was before the war? No, it ain't mister. These young fellers who come back don't get as many shins of us as they used to. It seems to be a kinda dress occasion with 'em."

"Well, I'll tell you, Jimmie," the veteran said. "We had to shine our own in the army. When most of us got back the habit was with us, so we bought us a little box of polish and a brush. We're feelin' natural by doing them ourselves. Sorry to hurt your business, Jimmie."

ALVAREZ OVERPOWERED.

To use Willard's own words: "There was no holding him back. As soon as he suspected that he was to get a chance to meet Al-

varez in open combat, you couldn't have kept him away from the scene of action with a ball and chain."

Willard said he never had intended doing any such thing.

"Of course, I promised," he admitted quite baldly. "I had to. It was part of the game. She'd never have told me what she did tell me if I hadn't promised."

I might tell you of the struggle at the tomb—how Willard was overcome by the bandits while trying to protect the old darkey who guarded the tomb, and how "Texas Tiger" allowed himself to be taken aboard the submarine and bound simply that he might be with Willard.

The old darkey—his body crushed and mangled by the bandits, had been thrown to rest there in the Potomac near the tomb which he had guarded at the cost of his life.

I am sure Willard was over-modest in telling of what happened on the submarine. According to his story, all the glory for their escape

should go to "Texas Tiger." But I am sure "Texas Tiger" would tell a very different story.

"They had us bound hard and fast with ropes," goes Willard's version of the story. "But the old 'Tiger'—thanks to his knowledge of knot-tying and knot-untangling acquired while he was punching cows out in Texas—was able to release himself and later to release me."

A mad fight followed their release, ending in "Texas Tiger" and Willard downing the entire outfit—including Ochi, whose "Jui Jitsu" methods were unavailing when put up against "Texas Tiger's" good, old-fashioned Western hand-to-hand fighting.

WE were quite away out when we were released," Willard continued. "Of course there was nothing to do but continue on to the chosen destination—the Japanese crew on the sub refusing to obey any orders to turn about, and the 'Tiger' and I not knowing a blooming thing

about running a submarine," he laughed. "I made friends with the wireless operator on board."

"But when we got to the island 'Texas Tiger' and I took command of the situation—including the stolen body—and Alvarez and his bunch, remembering what had happened on the boat, didn't dare whimper."

Then he told me of the fear that had reigned on the island when our boat had been seen approaching, and their outfit had taken to the submarine only to encounter the fate which I already have related.

As I said, I am passing as lightly as possible over these things. Why dwell on past unpleasantness when there's so much of brightness in the future? Why waste words telling you of those things when I might be telling you of the wireless we received from Washington in answer to our wireless telling them that the body had been recovered—along with Willard Saunders, of the United States Secret Service, who had fought so gallantly to protect it?

The message which we received—signed by the President himself—told of the biggest parade in the history of the country being planned for our return—a parade down Pennsylvania avenue and down to Mount Vernon where Washington's body again would be laid to rest beside that of his wife.

"Can't you just see yourself reading all about it in the papers?" I asked Willard, giving his arm an ecstatic squeeze. "Can't you just see the head-lines—'Parade headed by Miss Edith Livingston and Willard Saunders.' Because," here he leaned over and kissed me, "I'm going to marry you, Edy, the minute we step off this boat."

THE END.

Fresh From Paris



HERE are sketches incorporating details new and attractive. The moyen age tendency shown in so many of the new frocks is pleasingly apparent in the black taffeta frock at the left. The semi-fitted bodice, fastening under the arm, has tight elbow sleeves and a tall organdie ruffle rising from its round neck. The design in white braided used at the neck is repeated on the full gathered skirt.

A RODIER FABRIC is used for the henna cape, in the foreground, with a woven border design in dark blue, and the lining is of blue and white checked silk. The high collar fastens with a steel button. Beneath the cape is worn a perfectly plain one-piece trottier frock of the Rodier fabric in henna, with a round neck and very short sleeves. A narrow blue belt is its only trimming.

THE third sketch, upper right, shows the new flounced coat with long straight body introduced since the spring openings. The fabric is serge.

Is Marriage a Success?

HUMANITARIAN ACT.

TO "MISS STENOGRAPHER." I find it difficult to dispose of an "old fashioned" model. Perhaps by this same criterion "old fashioned" girls don't fare so well. This is an age of progress and people who would live in the past find scant consideration from any except antique collectors.

You should reconcile yourself to the fact that men like stylish girls and you should also bring yourself to see that there is a vast difference between being stylish and being fast.

Your letter smacks of "sour grapes" when you refer to all girls who use powder and paint as giddy, vamps and generally no good.

If men have driven the fair sex to using powder, paint, etc., then they are to be congratulated because there is no doubt that properly applied it is a great help in many cases. Please, Miss Stenographer, don't put a penalty upon beauty—the world is too full of ugliness.

You may have met more than your share of "cake eaters" but don't condemn all the good dancers and good dressers. Dancing is really very harmless entertainment and if done at all can be just as easily done well, and surely you don't want your husband wearing "box-clothes" just because your grandfather's is alright to be hardworking but that doesn't necessarily mean that you have to be an 1890 model.

It seems to me that you should bear in mind that "clothes" don't make the man nor the girl, and well-dressed people who make an effort to look as well as possible are simply doing a humanitarian act toward the people that have to look at them—they don't have to be worthless.

Try it awhile. It really costs very little, if any, more and I believe you'll find it pays.

SALESMAN.

Grows of a Grouch

DON'T think any man is going to the dickens because he takes a glass of beer, and I don't think a girl is going to the White House just because she can make a speech.

I haven't got any use for a man who owes me \$5 and reminds me of it every time he sees me, but doesn't pay it back.

I am glad telephone service is poor. It keeps me out of a good many obnoxious engagements and is the best alibi I ever had.

I never knew an "efficient" guy who was good for much of anything else.

I have never in my life seen a "blushing bride." Every bride I have ever seen has been about the color of a bottle of milk.

I don't think a man should submit to a major operation just to settle an argument between two doctors.

I think most "artistic temperament" is nothing but laziness with its hair bobbed.

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When a Girl Marries A Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE.

"B" cried. "How could you have brought him back from the Northwest with you? Babbie's father was killed in a railroad wreck years ago—years before you married my mother—years before I was born."

"So we thought," corrected Father Andrew.

"So you thought?" pleaded Neal. "You thought? Didn't you know? Did you take a chance? Did you let me come along to be saddled with this—"

He broke off abruptly and stared at us with bright, shamed eyes.

"Forgive me, father," he cried. "I'm talking like a rabbit. Guess the suddenness of this got down through me to the yellow streak. I'm counting on you both to forget."

Then Neal caught Father Andrew's hands in both of his and smiled at me bravely as he went on:

"Isn't there some mistake? Are you dead sure? You see you were dead sure that he'd passed out as poor Babbs' mother had married our little mother. Dad."

"The man is Lucius, known as 'Lucky' Lee, son. There's no possible doubt. He has the papers and the facts to prove it," replied Father Andrew, firmly.

Neal swallowed hard once or twice. After a moment or two he perked out:

"Poor old Babbs—no fun having a new father foisted on you overnight when you've always got a daughter's love to the best dad on earth. This hits you pretty hard, Sis. Is he—the sort to make you ashamed?"

Father Andrew's eyes pleaded with me, so I gave Neal a smile for him.

"It isn't much fun—but Dad Lee's all right. Never mind. It's of you we're both thinking. Neal darling."

THINKING OF NEAL. "Oh, me!" retorted Neal. "You two always are thinking of me. But my end of it's all right. I'm not as yellow and whimpering as I indicated a minute ago. What gets me is poor Babbs' poor old mother. What sort of man is this father of yours? Wait—I see. He ran away and deserted your mother. That tells the story. I can figure out the kind of citizen he'd play out all these years. Now, why does he come back to upset you? What's the graft? That's what I can't figure."

"You've got it wrong, lad," protested Father Andrew. "Our Babbs' poor old father did a real selfish thing when he disappeared in that railroad wreck. He wanted his wife and child to have his insurance money, seeing that would take care of them and he couldn't."

"Couldn't?" sniffed Neal. "Has he come back to make up for it by taking care of Babbs' now?"

Father Andrew hurried on severely:

"He knew of my Martha's marriage and he kept still. You can figure for yourself the poor fellow didn't get a mite of enjoyment out of skulking around in the dark, of cowering and never peeped because he saw I was making out to give Martha love and comfort. Strikes me that was kinda heroic."

"All right, granted," conceded Neal. "And now what? Why's he hot-footing it back to take up the fatherhood he once found too much of a job? Has he struck it rich? Is he bringing Babbs a fortune just when she can use it? Doesn't look much that way to me—or this apartment wouldn't be getting out of the family. This brings me back to my offer. Why can't you call off this deal and let the place to Phoebe and me?"

But even as he said this Neal hauled himself up short and stared at us with frightened eyes which widened from incredulity to hopelessness.

"Phoebe!" he implored. "This—chances things—doesn't it? This is what you meant, Babbs, when

you said I wouldn't wish to go ahead after you'd told—"

"It is what I meant," I agreed gravely.

Neal considered for a moment. Then the flush blazed high on his face and he laughed with a note of triumph.

VOUCHING FOR PHOEBE. "Phoebe's going to stick. I know that before I tell her. The yarn I've got to relate isn't easy telling or easy hearing. But she isn't going to quit. There's no wrong or disgrace to the whole nasty mess. Our little mother was hoodwinked. Our blessed Father Andrew was hoodwinked too. But no dirty black-maller can come back after all these years and hold a club over Babbsie—or me."

"You're speaking of our Babbsie's father, son," protested Father Andrew.

"Her father?" By jingo, Babbsie, does he seem like a father?" demanded Neal.

Under Father Andrew's pleading, demurring eyes, I could only reply: "Dad Lee isn't very important to me one way or the other. Neal, Father Andrew's always going to seem like my father. But you don't have to get upset because I have a poor little old father of my own, too."

"It's all right then? You aren't going to keep him dark—or swear me to secrecy or anything?" cried Neal.

"I suggested timidly, be patient. Don't let it hurt you too much. Neale. Remember, she's only a little girl—a child."

"My Phoebe will stick. You can depend on that," said Neal firmly. "The thing we have to do is to let what we are going to tell the world. Does everyone have to know? Do you want your father to come and live with you, Babbs?"

(To Be Continued Saturday.)

Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest—Clip Them.

LEMON JELLY LAYER CAKE. Three eggs. One cup butter. One cup milk. One and one-half cups sugar. Three cups flour. Three teaspoons yeast powder. One teaspoon lemon juice. One-quarter teaspoon salt. One-quarter cup butter and sugar; add the well-beaten eggs, lemon, milk, and lastly the salt, flour and yeast powder sifted together. Bake in three layer pans twenty minutes in a hot oven.

LEMON FILLING (JELLY). Beat two egg yolks until creamy add gradually one cup sugar, two tablespoons flour, pinch of salt small lump of butter, one tablespoon of boiling water. Pour this into one cup of boiling water and stir in double boiler until thick. Add juice of one small lemon. When cool, spread on layers.

LEMON ICING. Boil two cups of granulated sugar with one-quarter cup water, let cook until it threads; pour this syrup over two stiffly beaten whites of eggs; keep beating and add two teaspoons of lemon juice. Keep beating until stiff enough to put on cake. Mrs. E. Williams, 422 Irving street northwest.

Bacon, the Flavor Favorite of the Ancients

The ancients record fifty different flavors discovered in the meat of porkers, the favorite viand of early dilettantes of the table. Highest esteemed was the modern bacon cut, dried and honey cured.

SWINDELL'S QUALITY BACON

has that spicy richness of taste created by long-time curing with sugar. Prime pork, specialized packing and slicing make this sweet, crisp-cooking bacon

The Most Popular at All Markets, Chain Stores and Groceries.



Did He Love the Wrong Girl? Why Did One Flee?

The Most Fascinating Story of the Year

FOR LOVE

By RUBY M. AYRES

Beginns Soon in

The Washington Times

Let's Have Those Titles

The concluding installment of this nameless serial is published today.

The contest for the best title for this novel is now in full swing.

The man, woman or child who submits the most appropriate title will receive \$100 in cash from The Washington Times.

Here is the only rule:

The winning title must consist of three words or less, it must be original, and indicate the character of the story.

Everybody is eligible to participate in this contest except employees of The Washington Times and their families.

All titles must be in the hands of the Title Editor by next Thursday night. If you have read the serial you are qualified to write a title, and you have a week in which to do it.

There is no limit to the number of titles anyone may submit.

The judges will be Mrs. William Atherton DuPuy, president of the American Penwomen's League; Guy F. Bowerman, librarian at the Public Library, and Vivian St. John, Literary Editor of The Washington Times.

The winning title and the name of the winner will be published May 15.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

ASK THE GIRL. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have often read your column, and unless you are in real life some man who writes both the letters and answers maybe you can help me. By the way, I'm really a woman, your work is certainly interesting, to say the least. I'd like to meet you. Here's my problem:

I'm engaged to, let's call her Mary. In June she graduates from college and our engagement is then to be announced. When I became engaged to her it was early in 1918. When I left her and home to wear my country's uniform, my prospects, financially, were bright. In a year I would have graduated from university and would have gone into my father's business and would have had an income besides. When I returned from France my father's business was gone and my own money lost, and my college course not completed. In fact, about all I had was a couple of medals and a sixty-dollar bonus. It will take me a year now to finish my university course, for I couldn't take up my work where I had left off. Besides, I have to work now and go to school in the evenings. My work pays me two thousand a year and I find it hard to live on it and go to school. Is it fair to Mary to ask her to wait any longer for me? It will take years before I can support her as she is used to living. She is twenty-two and will be twenty-four then. Our engagement has not been announced as yet. I have not seen her for eight months. She lives in the Middle West. My home was there, but it is now. I was back to see her three times

last year but will only be able to see her once this year, for about a week. It will probably be in July or August, or should I make an effort to go in June to commencement? I might be able to go away.

We love each other dearly, but I love her too well to ask her to marry me in my present position, and it doesn't seem fair to her to ask her to wait much longer. What shall I do? I must decide before I go back to her this summer.

I'm a woman, and I thank you. You're lucky you came out of the war with two legs, two arms, and an unimpaired brain. Take your medals, \$60 bonus, \$2,000 position, school at night, and make good.

I like your spirit of unselfishness. Let's hope the girl displays a spirit equally as fine when you put the matter up to her. For I believe that is the thing for you to do.

I am quite sure she would like to have you come home for commencement. But she may prefer to see you later in the summer when you can spend all of the week with her. At commencement the time of graduates is not always their own. Why not write and ask her when she would rather have you come?

Both of you are young, and if the girl cares anything about you she will be willing to wait for you. I believe it is not unfair to either to ask her to wait two years. However, I believe I would postpone the announcement.

President Harding is the first President who has belonged to the Baptist Church.

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